

How I Met My Spouse

Sailor in Disguise

I WAS STATIONED at NAS Whidbey Island, Washington in May 1949, and an opportunity to meet a very beautiful young lady, Marilyn Wolhuter of Everett, came my way via a special mutual friend.

As there was an abundance of sailors in the area, I decided to take my chances by wearing civilian clothes instead of my uniform for our meeting. When she found out I was in the Navy, it was okay with her but caused some concern for her dad.

It all worked out well, because 57 years later, Marilyn and I count three children, five grandchildren and one great-grandchild among our special treasures.

The picture (right) was taken in June of '49, about a month after we first met. I'm wearing my letter sweater, which had my high school nickname of "Bud" sewn on the right sleeve. We were married the next April. —Steve Hanson, Boise, Idaho

This Boy Was Red-Hot

BACK IN the summer of 1958, my boyfriend and I were scheduled to go on a hayride, but rain chased us to someone's basement for a house party.

There was a young man there without a date who seemed to be having the time of his life. He lifted a young girl onto a table, placed a sombrero on her unsuspecting head and proceeded to do a Mexican hat dance around her.

The reveler continued to be a one-man show the entire evening, much to the delight of the guests. Coming from a quiet and refined household, I could not help being amused by his comical antics

My boyfriend, who had joined the Navy, shipped out by the time the hayride was rescheduled, but my sister said, “Don’t worry. There was a boy at the party who would be willing to escort you.” I didn’t see the harm in a 1-night date.

Imagine my surprise when the boy who came to pick me up was Mr. Party Face himself. His fiery red hair symbolized his nature—he was hot to go have some fun.

All it took was one date to make me realize where the fun was. He continued to make me laugh all through our 44 years of marriage. Being married to Jack was like trying to hang on to the tail end of a kite, and it was a great ride.

—Maureen Reid, Little Silver, New Jersey

Leg Up on the Competition

ON JULY 4, 1935, my sister, two friends and I decided to take a bus to the nearby town of Maywood, New Jersey for a school dance. Back then, it was quite proper for young girls to dress in long, organdy dresses and take a bus or trolley to a dance.

The dance was dull, so we planned to catch a bus to Hackensack to grab an ice cream soda, then take a trolley back home to Bogota.

While we waited at the bus stop, a nice-looking car approached. Being a bit devilish, I pulled up my skirt slightly above the ankle and pointed my right hand out for a ride. I was really only fooling.

However, a nicely dressed, nice-looking young man stopped the car and asked, “Where to, girls?” There were four of us, so we all felt safe enough. In the course of conversation while he drove us home, he and I exchanged names.

Two and a half years later, that nice young man, Jim McCutcheon, and I were married.

—Lillian McCutcheon, Las Cruces, New Mexico